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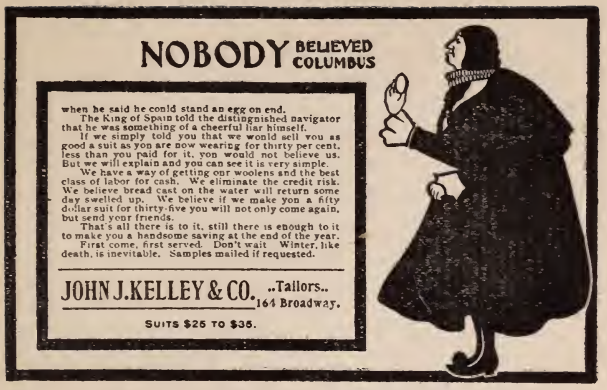
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H. F. SMALL — ALBERT GALLATIN

G. H. DANTON — H. G. ALSBERG

W. L. GLENNEY

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As You Like It

Comments

THE registration figures for 1900, now nearly complete, in spite of the increase of 257 in the whole University exclusive of Barnard and Teachers College, and of 108 in the Schools of Applied Science alone, are not very satisfactory. The College has fallen from 429 to 401 men, and this decrease is quite sufficient ground for serious thought by the powers that be. When all is said, the College, the lineal descendant of old King's College, from which has sprung all the other many and varied departments from the School of Philosophy to the kindergarten of the Horace Mann School, is the real centre of Columbia University. This fact has been stated often and in many ways, but it does not seem to have impressed itself deeply on the minds of the authorities. Nevertheless, it is a fact, and as such should be recognized. Columbia University is not a graduate annex of Harvard or Yale or any or all of the other American colleges. It is a distinct institution with a history, traditions, and spirit of its own, which the College alone has created and which the College alone can perpetuate. For undergraduate activity, social or athletic, with all that it means and stands for, the necessity of the College is too well known to need discussion. What is needed is the fulfillment of the promise of two years ago, the building up of the College until it has regained its true position in Columbia, and the first step towards this goal is the erection of a College Hall, a fitting home for the heart of a great university. University Hall is a luxury that will doubtless be much appreciated, but College Hall is a necessity, less showy perhaps, but more solid and infinitely more important.

NEVERTHELESS, University Hall is going up and the great expanse of pebbles, tar, and smoke-stack, which once covered

the gymnasium and power-house, has already given way to a jumble of brick, stone, rope, and workmen. In time, we hope, this jumble will straighten itself into a great building, which, among other things, will contain a new dining hall. Then relief will come to the students suffering from indigestion and kindred maladies, for the old lunch-room in West Hall, with its "Napoleons" and its "sinkers," will fade away like the dreams they cause—less painfully, we trust, however. Moreover, there is also to be within this hall an academic theatre. At first sight this may not seem such a great boon, but a closer examination will reveal a great financial opportunity. Instead of its usual solitary annual "exhibition" (of foolishness) at the gymnasium department, hold here a series of cut-rate matinee performances entitled "Savage War Dances and other Aboriginal Pastimes," devote the proceeds to athletics, and dunning collectors will be a thing of the past. Let us pray for the speedy completion of University Hall.

We have at hand the last number of "East and West," and great is the regret that it is the last number. For although we have more than once smiled at the rather high-sounding aims of this young magazine, edited by two Columbia graduates and supported by the young hope of the rising generations of poets and writers, yet now that this splendid last number lies before us, we can scarcely believe it to be less than the rising, not the setting, of the sun. Indeed it is more than discouraging, that just as a full measure of success had been reached, the editors should have seen fit to discontinue their magazine, which might in time have become a factor in the development of a great American literature, and which already was somewhat of a light and consolation to those lost in the present wilderness of periodical commercial-

ism. We hope, therefore, that the task which has here been abandoned, even on the threshold of success, may some day be again taken up and carried into the inner court and deposited at the foot of the immortal altar itself.

In the Gray Morning

I heard sad music, ringing through the halls,
Reëcho from the walls ;
I heard the sad-toned viol, and the lute,
And singing harp and flute ;
And far above the moan, with anguish rife,
The shrill-toned fife.
And then I heard, above that music's sound,
From burial ground
Return that last sad cavalcade of death
Which bore my beauty seeking knights to tomb.
As from the room
I looked beyond and saw the sea whose breath
Distils the glory of the ages o'er
The waters answering waters on the shore,
Lo, to my self and soul, and soul, I turned,
While the great sun,
Red golden in the gray east, rose and burned
Another day begun.

G. H. D.

Sarann at the Circus

ONCE upon a time the dead walls of Auburn, Ala., were resurrected, so to speak. In other words, the deadness and bareness were covered up and to the eyes of many eager beholders—colored mostly—were presented pictures full of color, life and extravagant motion. The letterpress accompanying these pictorial representations of extraordinary activity gave notice that on a certain day and date the only great, original and unabridged circus and concatenation of curious conglomerations would exhibit at Opelika.

None viewed the coming event with fonder anticipations than Sarann. The flaming posters caught her eye and captivated her fancy at first sight. After that she talked circus, dreamed circus, and thought circus, and her brain wheeled and whirled like an equestrian in the grand entrée. By reason of preoccupation of mind she practised some grand and lofty tumbling occasionally, and Miss Sallie's crockery suffered accordingly. The frequent occasions for the interchange of ideas and opinions of the circus between herself and other persons passing along the street wrought havoc with the cookery, and burnt meats, underdone bread and indigestion, found lodgment in her master's inner man three times a day. In vain Miss Sallie expostulated. The fires of Sarann's enthusiasm burned brighter and brighter as the circus day approached, and, *pari passu*, accidents multiplied.

In addition to the pecuniary losses inflicted on Miss Sallie through Sarann's excited state of mind, petty annoyances without number flowed from the same source. One of the most provoking of these was the frequent conversations carried on with great strength of lungs between the presiding genius of Miss Sallie's kitchen and persons in the street, for Sarann

suffered no colored acquaintance to pass without drawing from him or her an expression as to the circus. Even Uncle Enoch—"locus preacher" as he styles himself—distinguished for solemnity of countenance and gravity of demeanor (his entire stock in trade), was hailed and interrogated in flippant manner.

"Hayo, Unk Enoch, is you seed de show picters?"

"G'way, chile! I ain't got no time to be studyin' 'bout no sich foolishness," Uncle Enoch replied in words, while his manner said just as plainly, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

It turned out rather unfortunately, however, that the good old man had important business in Opelika on the day of the circus.

News of the coming event went out in all directions, and when it reached the ears of Cindy, who was picking cotton in the country, she came to town to see the pictures and hear all the particulars. She was espied by Sarann passing along the street, and there ensued a lively conversation, some parts of which amused and edified Miss Sallie's aristocratic visitors in the parlor, but did not add materially to Miss Sallie's comfort or equanimity.

"You go on up dar, you'll see de picters," Sarann remarks. "D' is a 'oman got snakes all wrop' roun' her f'om her haid to her heels. An' a man, he's a ridin' straddle o' a buggy wheel, an' 'bout a dozen mo' mens is hangin' on to him. But dat ain't nothin'. D' is mo' elephints an' wil' beastes an' you kin shake a stick at. D' is two o' de uglies' things ever I seed. Looraney Holly, she come dar wid her biggity coze she got a little edication, an' she spell out de name o' dem things. She said one of em's a rhinosserree-horse, an' de yuther'n's a hoppin' Thomas."

"Is you gwine?"

"Coze I is, nigger."

"What you gwine to wear?"

"I speck I'm gwine to get a yaller buff frock f'om Miss Sallie, coze I yeared her ol' man tell her he couldn't buy her nair new 'un cep'n she sol' de ol' 'un."

The day came, and a great darkness fell upon Opelika. For a brief season Auburn was indeed the loveliest village of the *plain*, everything *colored* having gone to Opelika. It was also very quiet till after the arrival of the evening train from Opelika when the streets again resounded with animated voices. The returning pilgrims soon dispersed to their respective places of abode, and quiet reigned again. An hour passed and still Sarann had not come. Miss Sallie was in the kitchen doing her best to make the kettle boil so that George could have some hot tea to wash down a cold supper made out of the remnants of dinner. A shadow darkened the door, and looking up from her work, Miss Sallie beheld her cook.

"Well! Well!" exclaimed Miss Sallie, "I wonder if you have got here at last! I see you have had your usual luck. You always come back in a dilapidated condition. Have you been to the show?"

"Kingdom Izzel! Miss Sallie, whar you reckon I been ef I ain't been to de show? I never tol' you I was gwine to Chehaw an' neither to 'Poka."

"What made you so late getting home? The train came over an hour ago."

"Well, Miss Sallie, I never come on de train wid all dem low down niggers. I walked home, I did, an' you know my laigs ain't es fast es cyar wheels;" and Sarann stooped and blew into the stove one blast that made the fire blaze and crackle and caused the water to bubble and the kettle to sing till the lid was fain to dance in gleeful sympathy.

"Why in the world did you walk home?" asked Miss Sallie as she threw herself wearily into a chair and resigned the duties of the kitchen to more skillful hands.

"Granny Grief! Miss Sallie, ef you had a seed all dem niggers what was in Opelacker a scrougin' up to dat ticket winder at de depo', you wouldn't ax me dat queshun. Hit was plum scan'lous de way dem niggers cyad on up dar to-day. I tried to git to dat winder to buy me a ticket to come home on de train, an' I hilt my money in one han', an' I hollered to dat man to save me a ticket, an' have it ready gin I got dar, coze I 'lowed to go thro' dat crowd or bust."

"Judging from your appearance I should say you burst."

"You mighty right, Miss Sallie. De minit I got in de middle o' dat crowd look like de scrougin' done broke out in a fresh place. Stid o' me gwine to'ds de winder, I was pushed up an' down dat platform an' I was whirl roun' same es a spinnin' top. Dey knock my hat off'n my haid toreckly. Hit never fell on de groun', coze de strings hilt it on my back, but hit got mash flat es a pancake, an' I done thowed hit 'way. A whole wedt got to' out'n my coat, an' es for dat money whar I had in my han', gracious knows what come o' hit. I ain't seed hit sence, an' neither yeared 'bout it, an' hit was all de money I had, too. De reason I never knowed w'en hit fell out'n my han' was coze des 'bout dat time my nose an' mouf got jammed up gin a pose, an' I seed de seben stars des es plain 's I see dat stove. Dat was de hardes' pose to git away f'om ever I seed. Look like I was bad mashed on dat pose, de way I kep' on a kissin' o' hit. I kep' on a kissin' o' hit tell all my front teeth was loosen, an' den I lif' hit des es sudden, des like somebody sont atter me in a hurry. An' I never went to'ds de ticket winder neither. No use, coze I never had no money to buy nair ticket wid. I went off'n dat platform in a hurry, an' I never stop to res' tell I was in de middle o' de railroad track, layin' down right 'fo' de C'lumbus ingyne.

"I got up, I did, an' I shuck my fist at dem niggers, an' I says: 'Go yo' ways! I wouldn't be cotch in no sich a low down crowd. I'm gwine home, I is, An' I did, too. I tuck de railroad track, an' I rid home on my own laigs.'"

"Well, I must say you paid dearly for all you saw at the show. It ought to have been a good one to cost that much."

"Hit was a good show, Miss Sallie, but I ain't gwine to nair nuthern."

"What did you see?"

"I seed lots o' things. I seed a w'ite 'oman wid a big snake all wrop roun' her, an' she was stan'in' des es jack-au-differ."

"And you saw the clown, I suppose?"

"No'm, I never seed de clown, but I yeard him ro'."

"You dunce! The clown doesn't roar. He's the man that cracks the jokes."

"Well, I yeard 'em crack den, but dem folks 'lowed hit was de ring master poppin' his whop at de clown to make him ro'."

"Look here, Sarann, what are you telling me? Didn't you see the show after all?"

"Yas'm, I seed de show, Miss Sallie."

"I don't believe you. How is it you didn't see the clown and the ring master?"

"Well, Miss Sallie, I never seed de big show."

"You never?"

"No'm."

"What a ninny! Why didn't you? You surely had money enough."

"Coze I had money 'nough, Miss Sallie."

"In the name of all that's wonderful, what kept you out?"

"Mr. Jackson kep' me out."

"Mr. Jackson? Who's he?"

"He's my pasture. He 'lowed ef we all went in dat big show he was gwine to turn ev'y one o' us out'n de church. He 'lowed he was gwine in dar des purpose to ketch us, and he did, too. He staid in dar spang tell de show was over. Dat's de reason us church members never went in dar. He'd a cotch us sho'."

J. Lionel Haas

My Island Bride

Oh, wild is the salt-white water,
Storm-welded with wind and rain,
That sweeps with delirious onslaught
My sea-blown isle again.
And binds with a sudden fury
Her sobbing hair of pine,
Till I shout, with a heart of gladness,
And make this fury mine.
For my isle and I are wedded
By mighty bonds of storm,
Bonds that in calm are forgotten,
And that only the wind can form,
For, soothed by Summer incense,
My bride lies dead on the sea;
When the water is all a-shimmer
My bride is nothing to me,
But soon as the bow of the west-wind
But wakes her sleeping song,
There leaps a thrill through my pulses
That has sighed to be free so long,
And I woo my isle with gladness,
I hate the white-winged gull,
For alone I'd drink this madness
Till my heart with storm be full—
Full till the red blood surges
With madness of wind and rain,
And my bride and I are wedded
In sable storm again.

A. R. Allan

Juvenilia

Sammy shoved Grandmother into the lake
Just for to see what a splash she could make.
"Lawks, mercy," cries Ma, "now, see what you've done!"
"Come, Mother," says Pa, "let the boy have his fun."

The Lady of His Dreams

I.

ARCHIBALD STEVENS, writer, artist, and gentleman of leisure, had made up his mind to go abroad. He was weary of New York and of everything else. He was tired of meeting the same people everywhere he went, tired of writing, tired of painting, tired of hearing friends compliment him for work which he knew was just ordinary and nothing more. Had he been dependent upon pen and brush alone for his support, he might have hesitated before giving up a respectable income derived from those sources. Possessor of a small annuity, however, he was free to go and come as fancy dictated.

Stevens was thirty——something, and not particularly handsome. He was tall, thin, and rather listless-looking. His hair and eyes were dark and his features rather sharp. At his age most of his friends had settled down and married.

"What you need is a love affair to bring you out of your *ennui*," they had always told him.

"Bother love affairs!" he would answer. "They are all the same—they all end in disenchantment."

"Oh, no, all of them do not," they would invariably reply, and then they would bring up their own individual marriages as cases in point.

This was one of the many reasons why Stevens wished to go abroad. He was very sensitive concerning such matters, and he disliked to receive advice upon them. Of course he had met women in his artistic career—women who had made much of him and flattered him. And he had had his fancies too. But they melted away as easily as they were formed.

"There is one woman," he would say. "Some day I shall meet her. I will know her too, the moment I see her. She has been in my dreams since boyhood. She is tall and fair and lovable. And then too she has wonderful eyes—the lady of my dreams. But I shall not marry her. My dreams tell me that. Why? I do not know. Probably I am not worthy of her."

"Do you expect to find her abroad?" his friends asked.

"Who can say? Perhaps she is here in this great city. Perhaps it will be years before we meet. But in the end I shall meet her, and until then I swear allegiance to my invisible princess."

Stevens left New York early in April for newer and less known fields. A month later, *im wunderschönen monat mai*, he was in Germany. He purposely avoided the cities, and by highway and byway journeyed slowly through the little duchys and principalities in search of the artistic. The inhabitants of the German villages could not make him out. Their opinions of foreigners and Americans in particular were gained from the tourists who, Baedeker in hand, talked their way through these quiet and sleepy old towns. Towards the end of June, weary somewhat of his ramblings, he settled down in a little inn in R———, near Detmold, the capital of the principality of Lippe. Within sight of and about five miles distant from the inn, the royal castle loomed up rather the worse for wear. Its ivy-covered turrets and battlements bespoke peace rather than war. Here Prince Karl and his wife the Princess Adele held sway over their small dependency.

"Poor people," Stevens used to think as he sat on the verandah in the evening with his coffee and cigar, and glanced up at the castle lights which twinkled in the distance. "Poor people, how uninteresting their lives must be."

Stevens spent his mornings with gun and camera tramping about the surrounding country. Late in the afternoon he would return in time to write a little, if he felt so inclined, and have a swim in a nearby stream before dinner. Thus the days passed until the bloom of early Summer melted slowly into the haze and drowsiness of August.

One morning, near the end of August, he arose earlier than usual, and, with his gun and camera, went forth as had been his daily custom. This morning, out of curiosity, he strayed for the first time upon the preserves of the Prince of Lippe. He soon found himself in a forest of great noble trees. After wandering aimlessly for a couple of hours he threw himself down to rest, and watched the sunlight shimmering through the foliage. He had been sitting on the ground for half an hour or more when suddenly he heard a rustle of the underbrush, and there before him stood the lady of his dreams. She was tall and fair, and he knew she was lovable, for had he not dreamed it? And her hair? It was gold and red wondrously mixed together.

As she advanced he stood up and raised his cap. She looked startled for a moment and then she smiled.

"It would not be well for you if some of the game wardens discovered you," she said, in good English, looking from him to the gun and camera at his feet.

He marvelled at the richness of her voice.

"I am in search of game and the picturesque," he replied. "And now I have found both," he laughingly said, as he bowed low before her.

"*Grand merci*," she answered, smiling, "but if I were you, I would seek them outside of the royal forests where there is less danger;" and her eyes twitched mischievously.

"Bother the danger! It is worth the risking when one has a chance of seeing a charming woman."

"But you don't know I am charming. I assure you I am just the opposite."

"Oh, I infer it," he replied. "How else could you be, in the presence of these great trees and this warm sunshine? You see, I assume it by deductive reasoning."

She smiled again and he looked longingly towards his camera. She divined his intention.

"There is a law against that too," she said. "Do you know, I believe you are taking pictures of the castle to be used in storming it some day. I shall report you to their majesties the Prince and Princess;" and she smiled again mischievously.

"That is a good idea," he declared. "I had not thought of it before. As you probably live there, I shall certainly take pains to photograph all its approaches, so that I may be able to lead a party there some day and capture you."

"Oh, high treason indeed!" she archly replied. "Be careful, *monsieur*."

"What? You are not going?" cried Stevens. "Why we don't even know each other yet! Permit me to introduce myself—Archibald Stevens, gentleman of leisure, trying to escape the commonplace, and unsuccessful until now."

"Oh!" she cried, "you are just like all the rest with your pretty speeches."

"But you," he put in, "what unknown fairy are you?"

"I—I am simply one of the ladies in waiting upon the Princess."

"But your name?"

"Adele," she answered.

"But that is the name of the Princess," he said, in some surprise.

"Well, can't there be two Adeles?" she gayly retorted.

"No, not after seeing you," he replied.

She laughed again low and musically, and curtsied with her eyes.

"Good-bye, I must go to the castle. As it is, I have stayed away too long."

"Just a moment, please," he ejaculated. "You will come again some day?" The anxiety he felt shone in his face.

"Maybe," she laughed, as she glided away.

That evening, after dinner, Stevens sat up later than usual. The chief point that occupied his interest was the castle far away in the distance.

II

Then for several days he did not see her, although he tramped the royal domains in her quest. As a result, he began to lose his appetite and to feel bored again.

"If I don't find her soon," he said to himself, "I will go to the palace and demand to see her."

He did not have to carry out this determination, however, for one morning in the same place, almost where he had seen her before, he came upon her.

She was seated on a log and was amusing herself by throwing crumbs to the birds which hovered around her in plenty. She did not see him at first, and he admired her for a moment in silence. She was all in white. By her side lay her hat, which was of white ostrich feathers. Her arms were bare to the sleeve, for she had removed her gloves. Her hair, disarranged, burned in patches where the sun kissed it through the foliage.

He hated to move. He almost wished he could stand forever where he was and feast upon the beautiful picture—the great green trees leaning towards her in silent admiration, the birds acknowledging her as queen and receiving largess

at her hands, and all nature redolent with the sweetness of her presence.

Finally he moved and she looked up. Seeing him, she threw a handful of crumbs towards him.

"I am not discriminating, you see," she laughed.

"I have been seeking you for days," he cried, earnestly, as he stood before her.

"Really? Why I thought you had probably forgotten we had met."

"How can you say that?" he answered. "Why, I had almost decided to go to the palace to see you."

"That would not have been wise," she replied. "And why, pray, should you be so anxious to see me again?" And her eyes darted.

He thought he would tell her then of his fancy, and how he had loved her for years, but he decided not to, and said instead:

"Because all nature and I were lonely without you."

"Poor nature, I am sorry I disappointed her."

"And I?" he replied.

"Oh, you! Why you have the world outside the royal forests."

"No, you are wrong," he softly said.

She blushed a little and turned the conversation to the birds again.

"See, we are neglecting our little friends."

"Suppose we do," he answered, "I want to talk to you. May I sit down beside you?"

"Yes, for a little while," she replied, looking at her watch. "I have my duties at the castle to perform."

"Bother your duties!" he cried.

"Remember, the affairs of state cannot be neglected," she put in.

"Oh, well, I suppose so," he said, as he threw himself on the ground beside her. "Tell me all about yourself. I am dreadfully curious concerning you. Who are you, and what do you do at the castle?"

"I? Oh, I am only a simple creature. I was born and brought up on these estates and have never left them."

"What, never seen the great outside world?" he ejaculated.

"No, never. Only the world of these dear old trees and the castle up there on the hill. You have been there. Tell me all about it." And she looked inquisitively at him.

"I will tell you after you have told me more of yourself."

"Oh, there is nothing more, only except I am one of the ladies in waiting upon her highness the Princess. Life at the castle is rather dull, so I spend all my spare time in roaming the woods and fields. It is a simple life, is it not?" she said.

"Simple and sylvan," he added, "and happy, too."

"Happy? Perhaps so." And her eyes shone with a far-away expression.

"Is it not?" he said. "Tell me."

For a moment her face became serious. She was about to answer, then changed her mind and said instead: "Come, tell me of this great world of yours and of yourself."

"Oh, the world is a weary place."

"Perhaps only for those who make it weary for themselves." And she looked up at him.

He smiled grimly.

"But you have not told me about yourself," she finally said.

"Well, there is not much to tell. I have had no choice but to live in this world. But my real life has been one of the imagination with the lady of my dreams."

"Oh, a real live romance! Who, pray, is this lady? I should like to meet her."

"She is a phantasie who has lived in my thoughts since boyhood. She is very beautiful and very dear. I have enthroned her in my heart as a queen and she rules me right royally. I am her court, her ministers, her standing army, her subjects, all in one."

"But this lady—will you ever meet her?"

"I have met her," he replied. "She came to me one morning through a forest of great trees, with the witchery of Summer in her face. She came just as she always came to me in my dreams. Then she left me, and to-day, behold, she is here again."

She started considerably and gave a little cry as his hand closed over hers.

"I have found you at last," he said. "For years I have sought you, and now here, in this little old out-of-the-way place, the gods have smiled upon me."

"Please, please don't," she exclaimed, withdrawing her hand and arising hastily, "you must not tell me this. I, I——"

"You must hear me," Stevens declared. "I love you; have always loved you. We must fly together, you and I. You will no longer be a lady in waiting upon a queen, but a queen yourself, my queen. Long live the queen!" he cried, jumping to his feet and brandishing an imaginary sword.

She raised her eyes to his and simply said: "I love you, but it cannot be. My way lies yonder, up there, by the castle walls. It is a hard way, but it is mine."

"This is your way—our way," and he pointed to the south. "Come," he whispered.

"No, please don't ask that. We will be friends, and our friendship will mean so much to both. Here is my hand. Good-bye."

"When shall I see you again," he cried, in despair. "I can't live without you."

"Not for some days. Three days from now there is the annual *fête*, in Detmold, in honor of some great day or other. There is to be a procession, and the Prince and his wife grace it by their presence. The whole court attends too. You will see me with the other ladies following the royal carriage. I shall look for you." And with that she stole away and left him alone in his misery.

III.

For two days Stevens roamed the forests sick at heart. On the morning of the third day he arose early.

"I will see her at last," he said to himself.

The town was *en fête*. The farmers and inhabitants of the principality had come from miles around to get their yearly look at their majesties.

Stevens went out early and secured a position of vantage on the street where the royal party were to pass. It was crowded. Banners and flags lent color to the scene.

A blast of trumpets and a little cloud of dust warned the crowd that the procession was at hand. Stevens settled down into breathless expectation.

A detachment of mounted troops, shining in their brilliant uniforms, led the way. Then came the royal carriage.

"Long live the Prince! Long live the Princess!" Shouts and hand-clapping split the air.

Stevens pushed himself into the front line and lifted his cap. Then when the carriage was almost opposite him he saw a strange thing. There, sitting beside the Prince, a wizened up little man who seemed dreadfully bored by the whole affair, was his Adele.

"Why, where is the Princess?" he shouted to the man next him.

"The Princess, man? Why, you fool, there she is beside the Prince. Long live the Princess!"

For a moment Stevens thought he would fall. Everything became blurred. In a second he seemed to live an age. Then he became himself again, and looked at her and bowed low.

She smiled upon him, and in her eyes there shone a strange and wondrous light.

Then the carriage brushed by him and the equerries, mounted on a seat high in the rear, shouted for the crowd to stand back. As it passed by, she, a Princess of the blood, leaned forward and tossed a rose at him.

Then he, Archibald Stevens, a gentleman of no great house or family, catching it in his hands, pressed it to his lips, and cried, "Long live the Princess!" Then her carriage passed on and was lost to view.

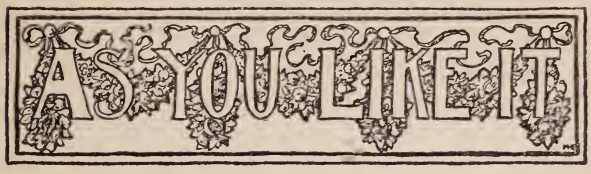
Somehow or other he then found his way back to his inn, the blood coursing through his veins, and a great feeling of despair welling up within him. The *fête*, all was forgotten, except the memory of her look as she had gazed upon him.

When at last he reached the inn, the proprietor met him at the door.

"How, back so early? Why, what is the matter, are you ill?" he exclaimed, seeing his paleness.

"No, not ill, only weary, that is all," Stevens replied. "I leave to-day," he continued. "I——I am a little tired of travelling. I am going home."

Frederick P. Delgado



I REMEMBER it was my second day at college. I, with a lot of the other men who had taken "Math. A" with me—I couldn't call them my classmates yet, as I didn't even know their names—were watching foot-ball practice on the field. We were a rather awkward-feeling crowd, with an amateurish lot of books under our arms, and not knowing yet even how to stick our hands into our pockets so as to look comfortable; and when a man doesn't know that, he doesn't know anything, from a collegiate standpoint.

Now, while matters were in this pass, a big Senior came lounging along. I don't believe he was much of a Senior, but *he was* a Senior, and owned a heavy moustache, which, after all, were the material considerations. Guess then my beatification when he lounges straight up to me and says: "That was a good play of Henderson, wasn't it?" I retained my composure and answered with a regular post-graduate nonchalance, keeping the tail of my eye on my classmates to note the effect, "Yes, great." Then he said: "Are you going to the Yale game Saturday?" I answered: "Yes, of course." Then he said: "That's the right spirit. Well, guess I've got to go over to the Library and grind; walking that way?" Of course I would, even if it had been into the Dean's office. And with swelling heart and head I strolled away with him.

That evening when I got home, I remember very plainly, how, when my little brother Harold wanted to play tiddle-de-winks with me, I simply didn't hear him, but turning to my father, I said: "Well, who d' you think's going to be elected, father? D' you think Roosevelt stands any show?"

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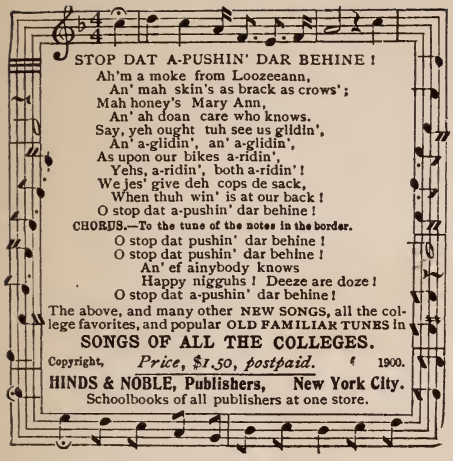
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Ah'm a moke from Loozeeann,
An' mah skin's as brack as crows';
Mah honey's Mary Ann,
An' ah doan care who knows.
Say, yeh ought tuh see us gliding',
An' a-glidin', an' a-glidin',
As upon our bikes a-ridin',
Yehs, a-ridin', both a-ridin' !
We jes' give deh cops de sack,
When thuh win' is at our back !
O stop dat a-pushin' dar behine !
CHORUS.—To the tune of the notes in the border.
O stop dat pushin' dar behine !
O stop dat pushin' dar behine !
An' ef ainybody knows
Happy nigguhs ! Deeze are doze !
O stop dat a-pushin' dar behine !
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The point of contact between the college and the university is the senior year of the college, during which year students in the college pursue their studies, with the consent of the college faculty, under one or more of the faculties of the university.

Barnard College, a college for women, is financially a separate corporation; but, educationally, is a part of the system of Columbia University.

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5. Teachers College, founded in 1888 and chartered in 1889, was included in the university in 1898. It offers courses of study, each of four years, leading to a diploma, for secondary, elementary, and kindergarten teachers. It also offers courses of two years, leading to a departmental diploma in Art, Domestic Science, Domestic Art and Manual Training. Certain of its courses are accepted by Columbia University, and may be taken, without extra charge, by students of the university in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy.

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